

A BRIEF HISTORY OF EXECUTIVES RECENTLY ELECTED.

Rich, Altgeld and Matthews Are Farmers' Sons—Peck Was a Printer—Crounse, Stone and Nelson Were Lawyers—Began Life Poor.

Governor Peck.

George W. Peck, who has been re-elected Governor of Wisconsin, was born in Jefferson County, New York, Sept. 28, 1840, his family moving to Wisconsin three years later. He attended the common schools until 15 years old, when he learned the printer's trade. In 1861 he became a newspaper proprietor, but later entered the army and served till the close of the war. After a three years' journalistic career in New York City he returned to Wisconsin, and shortly afterward started the paper which not only brought him a comfortable fortune but made his name a household word. He is said to fully endorse Mr. Cleveland's views upon all leading questions.

John T. Rich.

Hon. John T. Rich, the Governor-elect of Michigan, is a farmer. His parents, originally from Vermont, removed to Crawford County, Pa., where he was born. Coming to Michigan in 1848, when only 7 years old, he began life for himself, and has won both position and fortune. In 1872 Mr. Rich was elected to the lower house of the State Legislature, and during his six years' service in that body served upon the most important committees. During the sessions of 1877 and 1879 he occupied the position of Speaker of the House. In 1880 he was a prominent candidate before the convention for Governor. In the same year he was elected to the State Senate, which position he resigned upon his election to Congress to succeed Mr. Conger. He served but one term in Congress, being defeated for reelection by a few votes. Returning to private life, he has been active in agricultural circles. In 1890 Mr. Rich was appointed by Secretary Foster, of the Treasury Department, as a member of the commission to revise the standard of wool samples of the Government. In 1886 Gov. Luce appointed him State Railroad Commissioner, and reappointed him to the same position two years later.

Governor-elect Altgeld.

John P. Altgeld, who is to succeed Gov. Pifer as Chief Executive of Illinois, was born in Germany in 1847, but was reared on a farm in Ohio. When 16 years old he entered the Union army and carried a musket for six months in the campaign around Richmond. Afterward he taught school in Ohio. In 1869, when 21 years old, he started West to seek his fortune. After working for awhile in St. Louis, he went to Southern Kansas, where he taught school and studied, and in 1872 was admitted to the bar. He was elected State's Attorney of Andrew County, soon becoming recognized as one of the foremost lawyers of the State. In 1875 he went to Chicago. He soon built up a large practice, his connection with the Storey will case bringing him into prominence. Drifting into politics he was nominated in 1884 to Congress from the Fourth District, but was defeated. In 1886 he was nominated for a Superior Court Judgeship, endorsed by the Knights of Labor, and after a hot fight was elected by 15,000, the Knights of Labor giving him 26,000 votes.

Will Governor Hoosters.

Claude Matthews, the Indiana governor-elect, was born Dec. 14, 1845, in Bath County, Kentucky, and was graduated at Center College, Danville, Kentucky, in the class of 1867. He moved to Indiana in 1869 and settled on a farm three miles west of Clinton, where he has ever since resided, engaged in farming, stock raising. He was elected a member of the legislature in 1870. In 1890 he was elected Secretary of State. He has taken an active part in all interests relating to agriculture. He has been an active promoter and member of the Farmers' Mutual Benefit Association.

Missouri's New Executive.

W. J. Stone, who has been elected Governor of Missouri, was born May 7, 1848, in Madison County, Ky. He went to Missouri in 1863, and in 1872 was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Nevada, Mo. In 1884 Mr. Stone was nominated and elected to the Forty-ninth Congress from the Twelfth District of Missouri. He served three terms in succession in Congress. In 1890 he declined to be renominated to Congress. Though not a candidate for any office that year, he made over thirty speeches in Missouri and other

Hail! Thou Land by God Selected

Freedom's Golden Hearth to Bait

1492

1892

Mr. 102. *Marcesse energie e marcesce. With life and energy, Not slow and dragging, but not too slowly.*

By W. CONRAD.

Hail Co-lum-bia, thou so lect-ed; Freedom's gold-en hearth to be!
1. Hail, thou land by God so lect-ed; And in conquest true as brave;
2. Land of free-dom, na-tion fair-est, Grand in glo-ry, word re-nowned;
3. Land of pur-l-ing, spark-ling foun-tains, Land of treas-ured wealth un-told;
4. If thy toil and if thy hon-or Crown thee like a prince-ly gem;
5. Now, O, Fa-ther! for this na-tion Grant pro-tec-tion, as of yore;

Hail ye peo-ple, once o-lect-ed, By the fa-ther's brav-ry free.
But tis not thy pride or glo-ry, These should fill a war-rior's grave;
For thy hum-blest son thou car-est, And his toil hast rich-ly re-warded;
Where, from out thy gush-ing moun-tains, Riv-ers leap o'er sands of gold;
If no fraud or base dis-hon-or, Mar thy roy-al di-a-dem;
And in right-eous leg-is-la-tion Shield our hon-or, we im-plore!

What the stirs so long do-fend-ed, Brave and strong, North and
Not the bu-gle call re-sound-ing, On thy coast; Can non's
Rich in ev-ry cose-ly treas-ure, Land di-vine! But we
Life will then be ev-er, soar-ing; Joy in creases; Bet-ter
Vice, cor-rupt-ion tear a-sun-der, Lord of Hosts! Drive them

Freedom's song, ye hills re-bound, Val-leys, ech-o back the sound!
This thy boast from sea to sea, Ev-ry na-tion here is free!
Freedom's shrines! the winds do-clare; Shins, old stars, for ev-er et-her;
Land of peace, shall sing the, Free in the cen-tur-ies to be.
Lord of Hosts, to Thee we sing, Thou, a-lone, our Na-tion's King,

Freedom's song, ye hills re-bound, Val-leys, ech-o back the sound!
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States. His record in Congress was excellent. He took a prominent part in the passage of the law by which the railroad land grants made twenty-five years ago were forfeited and the land restored to the people.

Hon. Knute Nelson.

Knute Nelson, the man whom the Republicans of Minnesota have elected to the Governorship, is a Norwegian, having been born in Norway in 1843, and his career has been a strangely varied one. When but 9 years of age he came with his parents to this country, where, after obtaining an ordinary education, he studied and began the practice of law. At the breaking out of the civil war he enlisted as a private in a Wisconsin regiment until the close of the strife. He served as a member of the Wisconsin State Legislature in 1868-69, and in 1870 removed to Douglas County, Minnesota. Here he was elected to the Garfield ticket, and served four years in the State Senate. He served in the Forty-eighth, Forty-ninth and Fiftieth Congresses, being elected by very large majorities, but he was finally given a political rest by a combination which had been effected for his defeat.

Nebraska's Choice.

Lorenzo Crounse, the successful gubernatorial candidate in Nebraska, was born Jan. 27, 1834, in Schoharie County, New York. One of his great grandfathers had come to this country from Wittenberg, famous in the history of the world since the time of Luther. Young Crounse went through that early training from which so many great Americans have graduated—a common school education, followed by several years of work as the head of a country school. Mr. Crounse began his career as a teacher at the age 17. He then read law at Fort Plain. In the same State, and was admitted to practice in the year 1856. Four years later he was married to Miss Mary E. Griffiths. He served through the war, and afterward resumed the practice of law in Nebraska. He was elected to the Territorial Legislature in 1865, and in 1866 was chosen to the Supreme Bench of the State. Congressional honors were next thrust upon him, and he served through both the Forty-third and Forty-fourth Congress. In 1891 he was induced to accept the po-

sition offered him by President Harrison, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury.

Playing to Liszt.

An anonymous contributor to the Atlantic Monthly says that several summers of her girlhood were passed in an old villa at Castle Gandolfo, which before 1870 was the summer residence of the Pope, near Rome. A Polish lady, who occupied the lower floor of the house, had a piano in her parlor, and very kindly gave the little girl permission to use it every day during the hour of her own afternoon drive.

I was proud of being allowed to learn some little pieces, particularly a duet from "Lucia di Lammermoor," which I looked upon as a masterpiece of subtlety and execution. One afternoon I was thumping away at that morsel, with my eight-year-old hands stretched at last to the full extent of an octave and my eight-year-old mind happy in the thought of having mastered all the technical difficulties of the composition, when the door opened softly, and I looked up to see a white-haired man, with a handsome, kindly, and to me very venerable countenance, standing beside me.

I stopped playing in alarm, but he motioned me not to move, and said gently, in Italian:

"Go on, my little girl, never mind me. I should like to hear that piece over again."

Half reassured by the kindness of his manner, I began again nervously at "Lucia," and somehow managed to get through it.

"It is not bad," said my listener. He took hold of my hand and showed me how the notes should be struck and what I must aim at in practicing.

"And now, if you like, I will play to you," he said, and sat down and played "Lucia" to show me how it should be done. From that he went on to other music, very different, but wonderfully grand, it seemed to me, and so on and on, till, stopping at last, he saw me standing there, with eyes big with wonder and full of tears.

"You have a soul for music, child," he said; "study hard, and will get on."

At that moment my father's voice called from the stairway. I gathered up my book to go. The old gentleman patted me on the head as I thanked him shyly, and I ran away full of wonder and excitement. Afterward I heard and later still I understood that the musical treat of that afternoon was a privilege which many would have envied me; that the piano in the tapestried salon had vibrated under the touch of genius; that I had been listening to the great pianist, the Abbe Liszt, and what is appalling to think of, had been playing to him.

The Czar Is Weak, Not Wicked. A near kinsman of the Czar, who visits Russia frequently, and who is well known for his frankness as well as fairness, told me a few months ago that many of the things done by the alleged order of the Czar were repugnant to that ruler's feelings. The prince's conversation might be summarized in this way:

"Alexander has no idea of doing wrong to anyone. His heart is full of kindness. He is happy only when surrounded by his family circle. "It is true that the foulest maladministration and persecution are going on all about him; but he, poor fellow, is incapable of seeing them. He hears only the reports of ministers, who know that he does not like to be worried."

"The poor man is so burdened with fat that he can scarcely do any work; his temperament is sluggish; he lacks intelligence; when he signs papers he has no idea that he is doing more than an exercise in penmanship."

"He is physically and mentally incapable of supervising any department of the government—not even the military; and as a consequence the country is left entirely to officials, who divide up power among themselves, and do what they can to remain in office."

I only quote enough of this prince's remarks to explain how it is that abuses continue in a country nominally governed by a mild, peace-loving Czar, for it opens a terrible vista of what might be were he disposed to be personally cruel. It makes one shudder to think of the day when the present czarowitz shall mount the throne.—Harper's Magazine.

Many Ways of Spelling "Cat."

Those of you who are fond of cats will be interested to know that as these soft-purring creatures look the same in all countries they are also known in these various lands by names not very different from that by which they are known to you. In Danish and Dutch and Swedish the word differs from our own designation only in the spelling, being "kat" in first two and "katt" in the last. To the French the cat is known as "chat." In Germany the cat is called "katze." In Latin, "catus;" "gatto" in Italian; "gato" in Portuguese and Spanish; "kot" in Polish; "kots" in Russian; "keto" in Turkish; "cath" in Welsh; "catua" in Basque and "gaz" or "katz" in Armenian.—Harper's Young People.

At Jefferson's recent appearance in Boston the box-office receipts were \$25,000, probably the largest on record for eight nights' performances.

The volunteer Cabinet makers are now having their inning.

Four Big Silver-Tips.

John Chapman of Wyoming relates a thrilling experience his wife had recently with four silver-tip bears, a she bear and three cubs.

John was away from home at the time. After eating an early supper, Mrs. Chapman stepped outside the kitchen door, intending to place a pan of milk in an outhouse. She had just closed the door of the kitchen when, looking up, she was confronted by four bears, all resting upon their haunches and within a few feet of her.

She screamed and rushed into the house and told the hired man the cause of her fright and assisted in finding the cartridges for a rifle that stood handy, and then sank into a chair exhausted and helpless, while the hired man made an attack on the bears, killing the old one and two of the cubs.

When Mr. Chapman returned he found his wife in an alarming condition, her nerves being at such tension that he feared she would go into hysterics. That night she complained of hearing the bear screaming outside, and finally, to satisfy her, John got up, and taking his gun went to the door, where, sure enough, was the remaining bear, standing out in the cold. The cub made for the bush as soon as he heard John coming, but in the morning the dogs were turned loose on his trail, and young bruin was brought in to complete the family. The cubs were fully half-grown silver-tips and averaged over 180 pounds each. The she bear was a big one—as large as a cow.

A Go-as-You-Please Train.

"Did you ever ride on a train where they stopped to kill snakes?" said a young man a few days ago. "Well, I did. While coming over the Red-stone branch in Fayette County, last week, the train suddenly checked its speed and stopped. On going to the windows and platform to learn the cause of the sudden stoppage the passengers were treated to a novel sight. The fireman with a long poker and the engineer with a link were making frantic efforts to kill a large snake. When the task was completed, the fireman coolly remarked to his companion: 'John, here is where we killed that one yesterday.'"
Blairsville (Pa.) Reporter.

A Reverend Joker.

Early in his career, some one gave Bishop Wilberforce the sobriquet of "Soapy Sam." A lady once asked him why he was so called. "Because, madam," he answered, "I am always in hot water and always come out of it with clean hands." On another occasion, the Bishop was at an evening party, when a lady sang a song very badly. "That is a difficult song," remarked some one to the Bishop. "Difficult?" was the reply; "would it were impossible."

LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

A HEALTHY TONIC FOR INVALIDS OF ALL KINDS.

Humorous Anecdotes Gleaned from Various Sources—Something to Read Which Will Make Anybody Sleep Well—Better Than Medicine When Taken Before Retiring.

A New Trick.

Old Foggy Proprietor—Why did you treat that shabbily-dressed woman so coolly?

Sharp Clerk—You noticed that I sold to her, didn't you?

"Yes."

"And the article didn't really suit her."

"I noticed that."

"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford to."

New York Weekly.

Wished Them Well.

Mr. Golightly—Where were you yesterday?

Mr. Canesucker—I was at the Clam-whoppers in Madison avenue. They are celebrating his diamond wedding and I was called on for a speech.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing in particular. I merely expressed the hope that they would get along together."—Texas Sittings.

Time for Action.



Man on the fence—Hello, Jack!

What under the sun is all this?

Jack—Don't talk, old man! Wife telegraphs: "Will be home in two hours." The cook left this morning, and I'm trying to clean up the effects of that little stag racket last night. Get a towel and come over on my side of the fence—quick!—Puck.

A Base Slander.

Winks—Folks say you always leave immediately after the sermon so as to escape the contribution box.

Jinks (holty)—It's a base slander! The only reason I start so early is simply to get first pick at the umbrellas!—New York Weekly.

A Thrift Reformer.

Hiram Daly—Mrs. M. E. Grant imports all her servants.

Biddles Kip—Doesn't that infringe the law?

"I don't know. She probably thinks they should come in free, as raw materials."—Puck.

Saving Time.

Wool—I struck a lazy man up-country this year. He patched a leaky roof for me and I told him as soon as the shingles rotted out I would let him put on all new ones.

Van Pelt—Well?

"He said he would wait."—Truth.

All the Fixings.

Guest—Bah! Is this filtered water?

Chicago Waiter—Yes, sir.

Guest—Pshaw! Give me some unfiltered, then.

Waiter (loudly to cook)—Glass of unfiltered water and a spoon.—New York Weekly.

Short Enough.

Blinks—I hear the cabmen are going to strike for shorter hours.

Minks (who sometimes rides)—

Why, goodness me, their hours are not over forty minutes long now.

New York Weekly.

A New Meaning.

St. Louis Boy—What do folks mean when they advertise that they want a live boy to do things?

Chicago Boy—They mean they don't want a St. Louis boy. I suppose.

Street & Smith's Good News.

To Be Left Alone.

Doctor (ear at patient's chest)—

This swelling here must be reduced at once.

Patient—Go slow, Doc, that swelling happens to be my pocket-book.

Truth.

Straws Show.

Helen—Has it never struck you that Ethel is very strong-minded?

Lena—I should say she was! Why, she always keeps her calendar torn off to the proper date.

—Puck.

His Opportunity.

She—I am terribly nervous; I jump at the least thing.

He—A proposal of marriage, for instance?—Truth.

She Caught On.



He—Only out three hours, dearest, and just see the ducks I bagged!

Dearest (who is aware of some change of air in the room)—But why didn't you shoot fresh ones?—Judge.